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CLASSIC MYTH-LORE IN RHYME



~ CARY BLAIR M^CKENZIE ~



Class PZ8

Book 3 M19C

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Classic Myth-Lore in Rhyme

Founded on Bullfinch's Age of Fable

BY

CARY BLAIR MCKENZIE

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ILLUSTRATED BY J. GARDNER SCOTT



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PREFACE



HIS is pre-eminently the age of child study.

Schools, kindergartens, mothers' clubs and parents are working together towards the development of the child.

And with a more thorough knowledge of the child's needs and capabilities has come a demand for a broader method of education which shall reach all of his expanding faculties.

Progressive homes are now requiring more instructive toys, more artistic surroundings and better literature. And the demand has increased for more *sensible* books to take the place of the *senseless* and often *obnoxious* ones, which are in the majority.

In order to appeal to a child, a story must be told in language which has music and rhythm. Rhymes seem to fill a want in the child-mind.

Children delight to commit; but it is the rhythm rather than the thought that appeals to them. In later years these rhymes recall ideas; this shows the advisability of having the thought, which is contained in the rhyme, of permanent value.

The importance of illustrations for children cannot be overestimated. To the child, the illustration is the object about which he is reading; if then the object, or illustration, be of literary or artistic value, the child's mind is being developed through the medium of *sight* as well as *sound*. In "Classic Myth-Lore in Rhyme" this has been kept in mind, many of the illustrations being adapted from the masterpieces of art.

"Mythology is the handmaid of literature," it being impossible to appreciate our best English authors without a knowledge of it. Hence this theme has been chosen as the subject-matter, as it will appeal to the child's vivid imagination and lay a substantial foundation for the future study of literature.

C. B. M.

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Mount Olympus



The ancients were so funny,
They thought the earth and sky
Were ruled by gods and goddesses
From Mount O-lym-pus high.

GODS AND GODDESSES

Jupiter and Hebe



The king of gods was *Ju-pi-ter*,
Who had a palace fine,
Where all the rulers ate and drank,
While *He-be* passed the wine.

GODS AND GODDESSES

Minerva and Vulcan



The robes of gods and goddesses
Mi-ner-va wove with care;
While Vul-can forged the golden shoes
With which they trod the air.

GODS AND GODDESSES

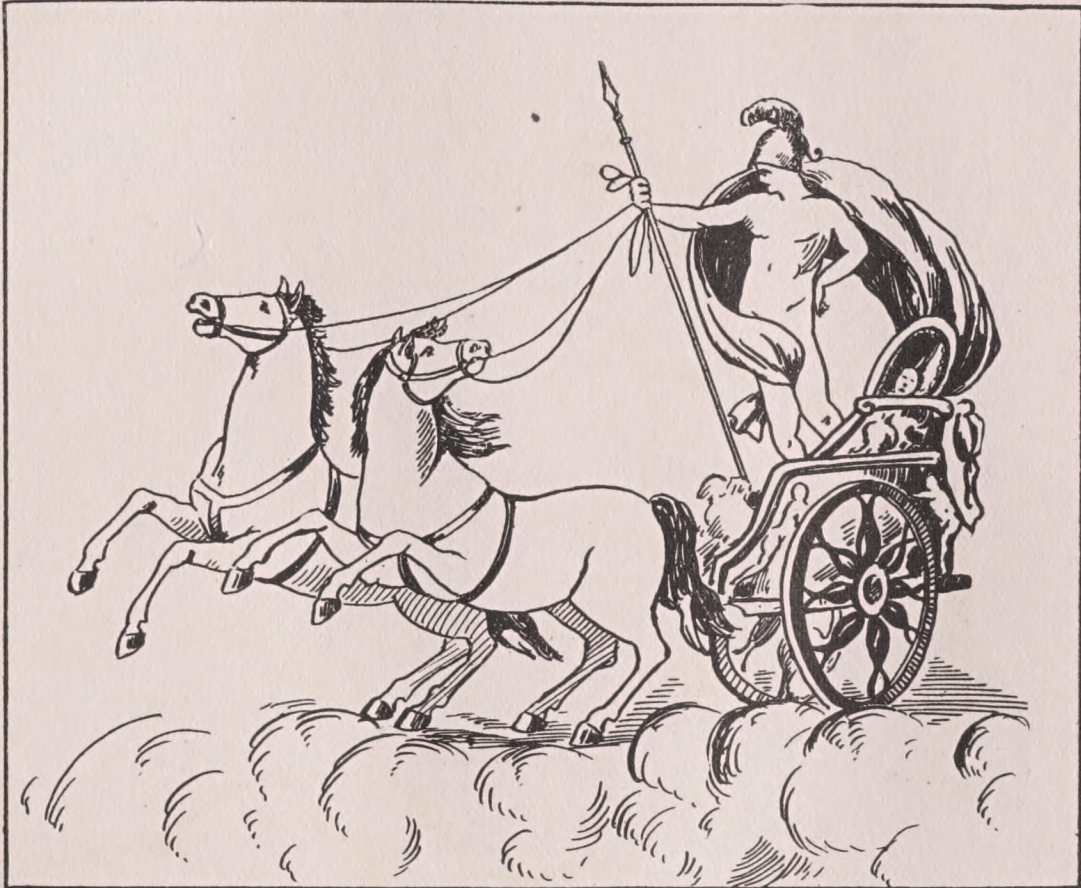
Mercury



Their messenger was *Mer-cu-ry*,
Who carried all the news;
They liked this sprightly fellow
With wings on cap and shoes.

GODS AND GODDESSES

Mars



Mars was the War God; with helmet and spear
He rushed into battle with never a fear.

The terror of mortals and of Wisdom the foe,
Where the battle raged fiercest this War God
would go.

GODS AND GODDESSES

Neptune



Mi-*ner*-va, Goddess of Wisdom,
Gave to man the olive tree,
While the horse was the gift of *Nep*-tune
Who was known as the God of the Sea.

GODS AND GODDESSES

Somnus



There's a dismal cave like a gloomy grave,
Where you hear no sound from the deep dark
ground,
Save *Leth*-e's flow from far below,
Where dead souls drink at the river's brink
And forget their pains; here *Som*-nus reigns.

Bacchus—1



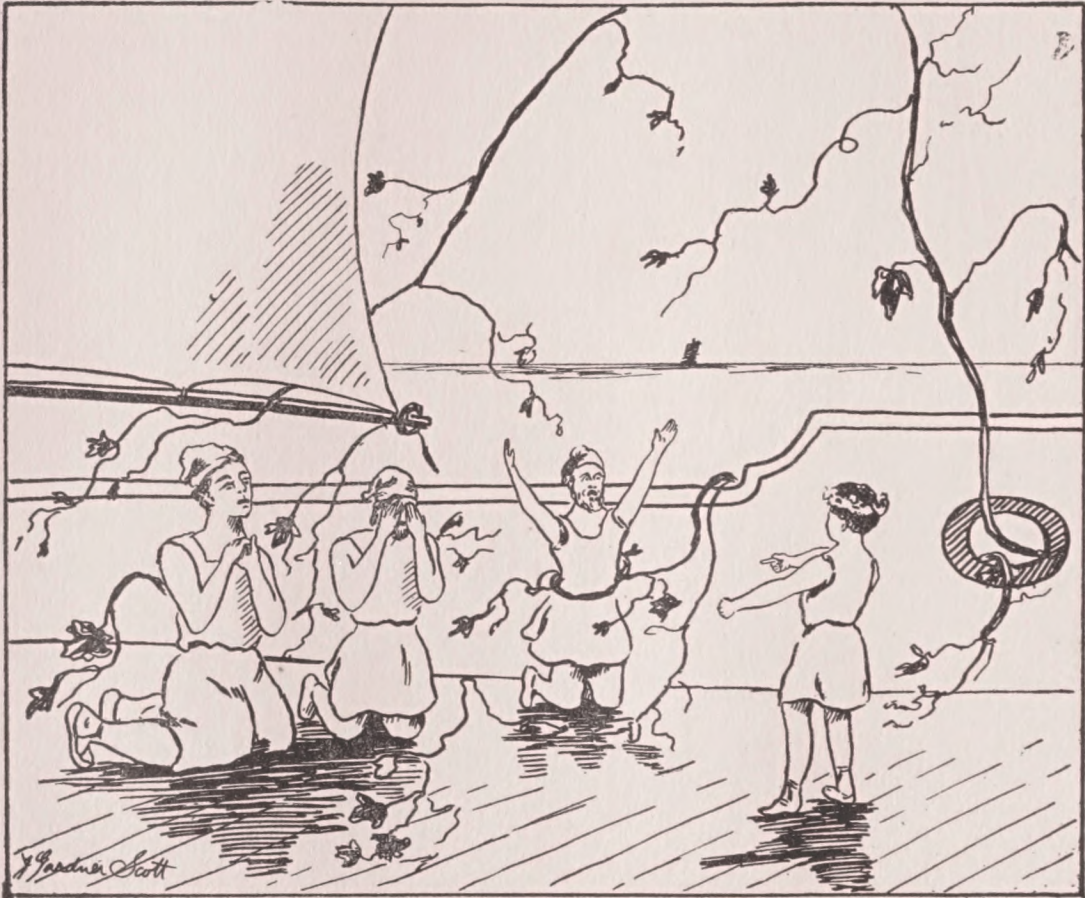
Some sailors, who were fishing
Upon the ocean deep,
Once landed for fresh water,
And found a boy, asleep.

Bacchus—2



Those wicked sailors took the lad
Far off across the wave,
To the distant land of *E*-gypt,
To sell him for a slave.

Bacchus—3



But suddenly, the ship was stopped,
By a giant clinging vine;
The frightened men then knew the lad
Was *Bac-chus*, "God of Wine."

Phoebus Apollo—1



Phoe-bus *A-pol*-lo, with arrows and bow,
Was known as the God of the Sun.
His eye, in its might, threw flashes of light,
And gleamed when a victory was won.

Phoebus Apollo—2



He had a dear friend, Hy-a-cinthus by name,
Who loved to be by his side;
While playing at quoits, one bright, balmy day,
He was struck by A-pol-lo and died.

Phoebus Apollo—3



A-pol-lo was grieved, and said that a flower
Should spring from the spot where he lay,
So the beautiful *hy-a-cinth* blossoms each spring,
And its fragrance drives sorrow away.

Cupid and Psyche—1



Cu-pid was the God of Love,
Who had a magic dart,
With which he shot both youths and maids,
And pierced them to the heart.

Cupid and Psyche—2



He meant to wound fair *Psy*-che once,
He also hurt himself,
And so he made his own heart ache,
The silly little elf.

Cupid and Psyche—3



They sought a palace in a dale,
All gold inside and out;
But jealous friends told *Psy*-che tales
And turned her faith to doubt.

Cupid and Psyche—4



She was so blinded by her love
Of sense she seemed bereft.
“Love cannot with suspicion dwell,”
Said *Cu*-pid, so he left.

Helen—1



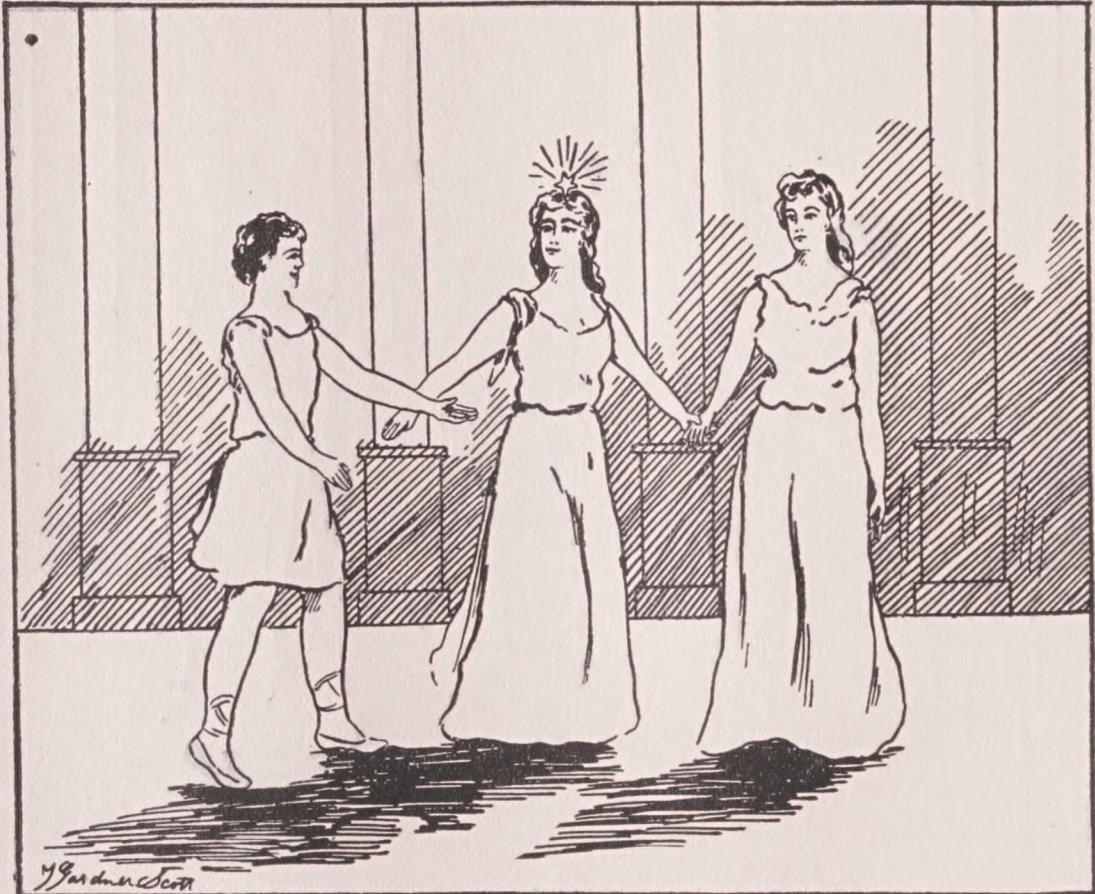
The gods were at a wedding,
And all were having fun,
When *Dis-cord* threw an apple
Marked "For the fairest one."

Helen—2



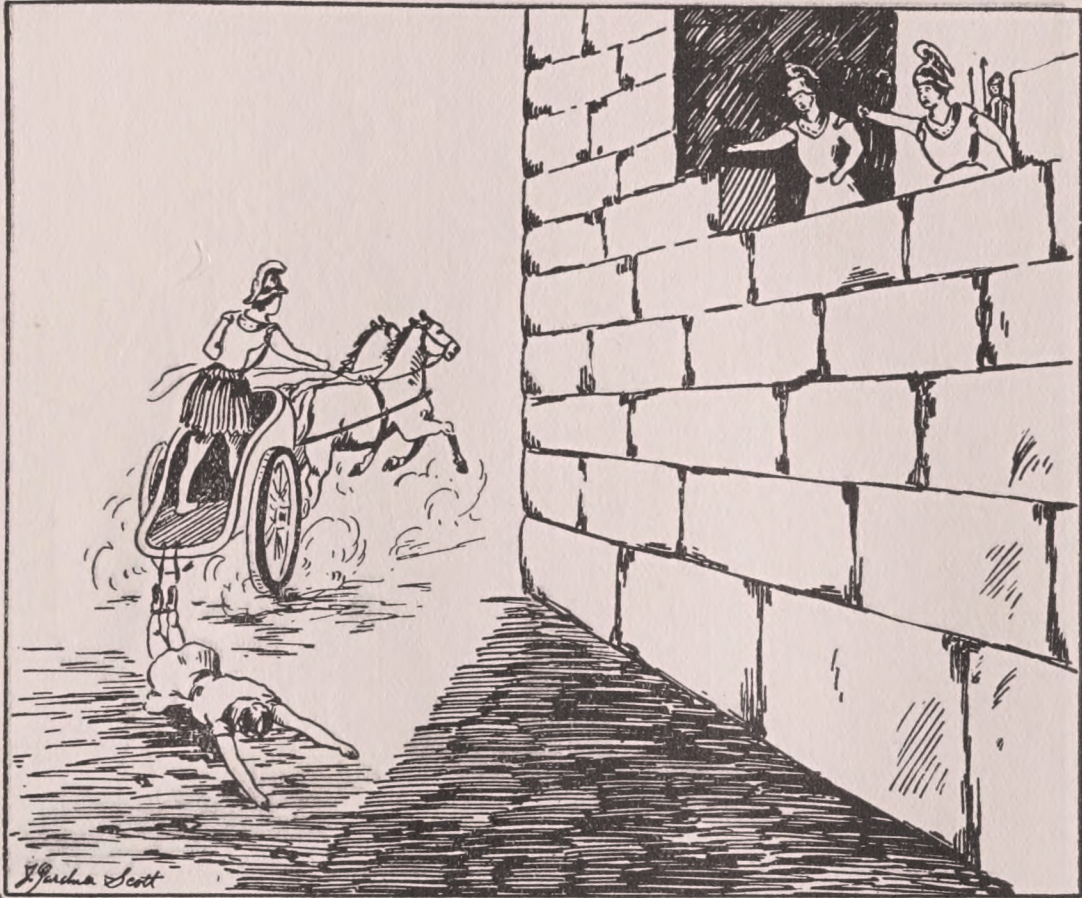
Now, *Ju-no* and *Mi-ner-va*
Both claimed the golden ball;
But *Par-is* said that *Ve-nus*
Was the fairest of them all.

Helen—3



So *Ve-nus* gave him *Hel-en*
Of *Spar-ta*, for his bride;
This caused the fearful Trojan War
Where Greeks and Trojans died.

Helen—4



For many Trojan warriors
A-*chil*-les did destroy;
He dragged brave *Hec*-tor's body
Around the walls of Troy.

Perseus—1



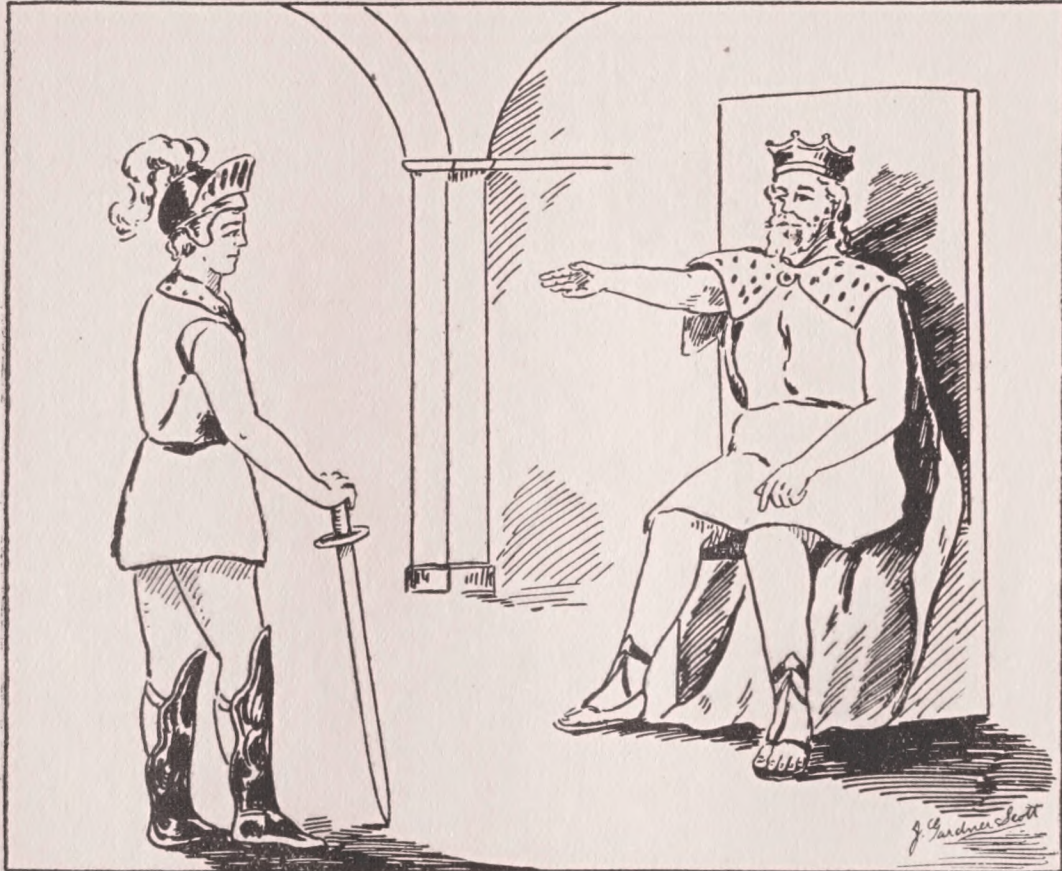
There was a naughty grandpa once,
As cruel as could be,
Who put his grandson in a chest,
And threw him in the sea.

Perseus—2



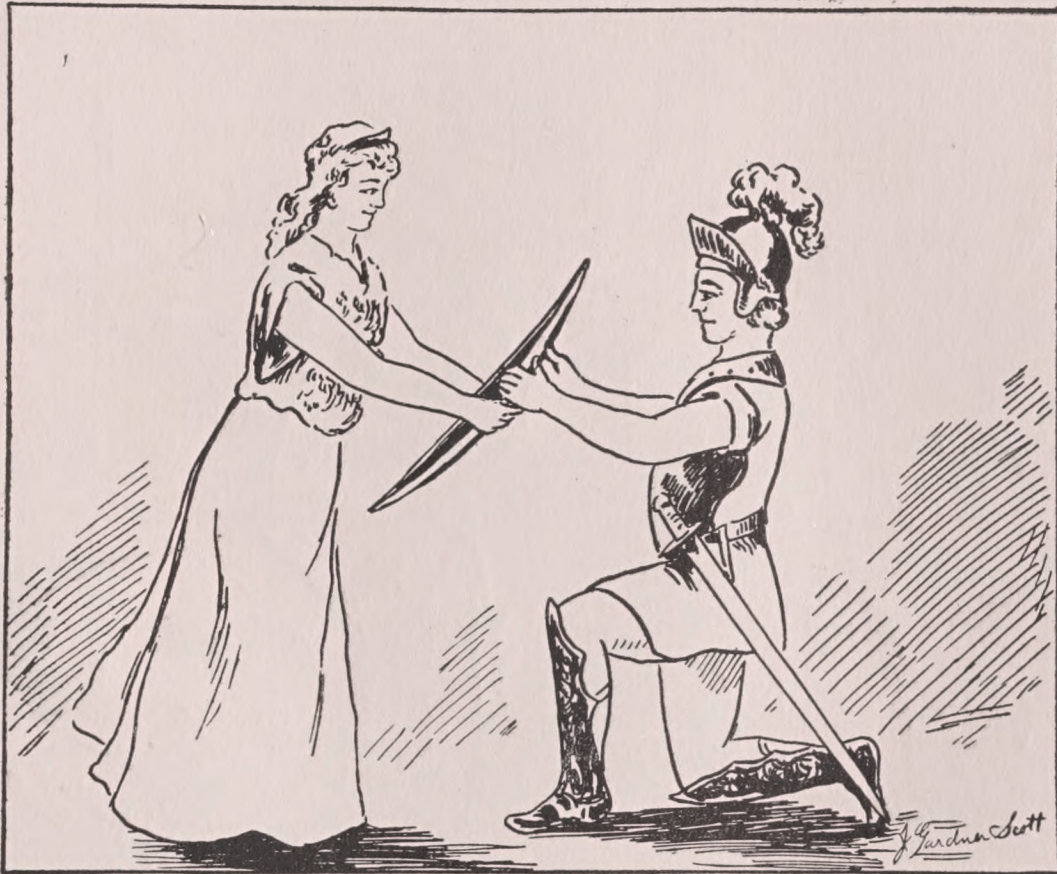
The chest went floating on the waves,
A curious looking thing,
'Twas hauled in by a fisherman
Who took it to the king.

Perseus—3



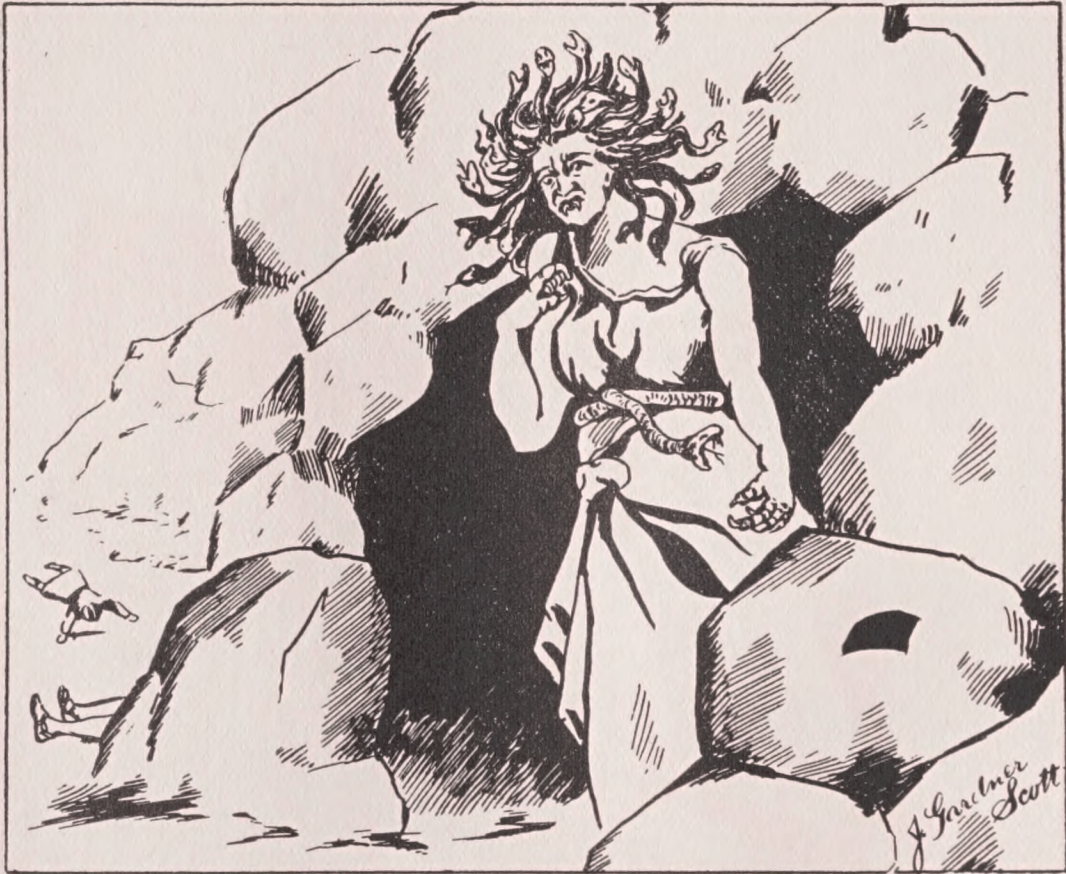
The boy grew up to be a man,
'Twas *Per*-seus, brave and true,
And there were many dangerous deeds
That *Per*-seus had to do.

Perseus—4



Mi-ner-va let him have her shield,
Which he was glad to wear,
He got from *Mer-cu-ry* the shoes
With which he trod the air.

Medusa—1



Me-du-sa was a Gorgon,
With her brazen claws of might,
And snaky hair and vicious teeth,
She was a fearful sight.

Medusa—2



Brave *Per*-seus went to get her head,
And do it all alone,
He knew if once he looked at it,
'Twould turn him into stone.

Medusa—3



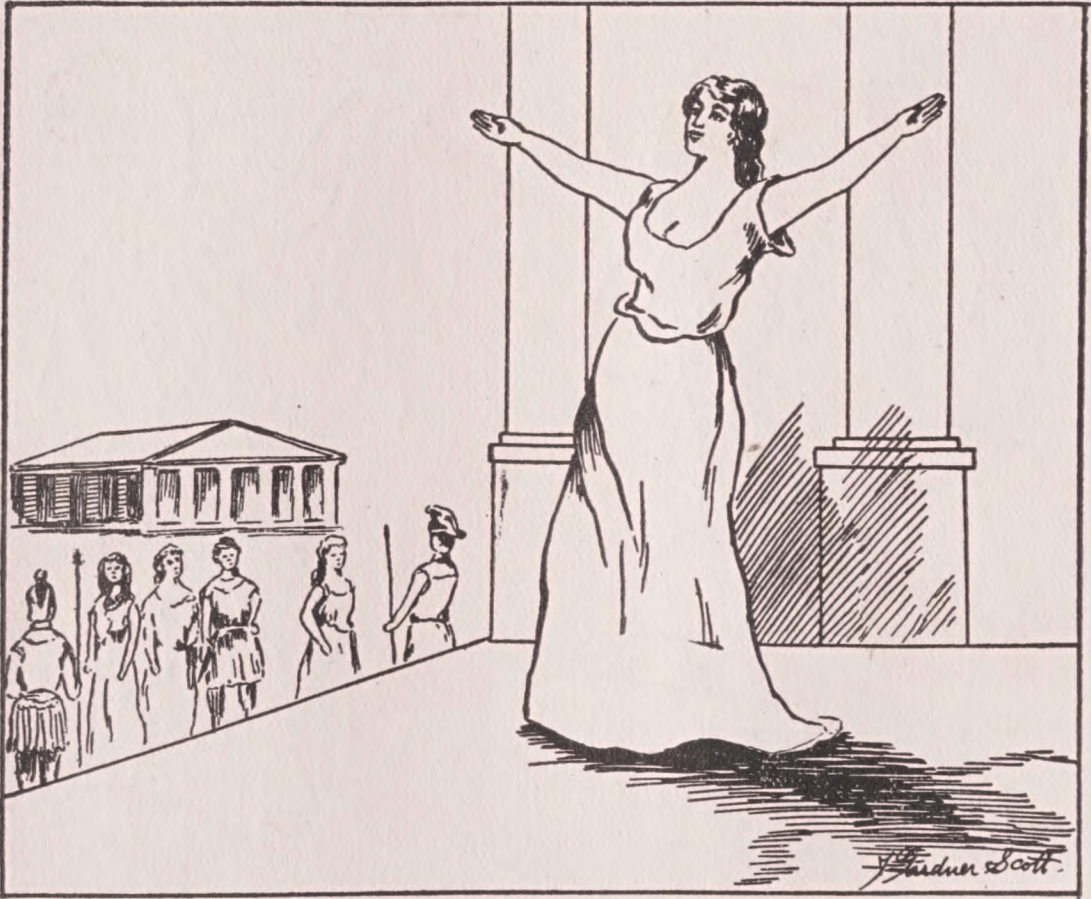
In his shield he watched her image,
While she slept. Then went with care
And cut off the fearful Gorgon head,
With its hissing snakes for hair.

Atlas



King *At-las* was so haughty,
All kindness he did lack,
So *Per-seus* turned him into stone,
With the heavens on his back.

Cassiopeia—1



The vain-hearted *Cas-si-o-pe-ia*,
Of her wonderful beauty did boast,
Which made the sea nymphs so angry, they sent
A sea monster to ravage her coast.

Cassiopeia—2



Her daughter *An-drom-e-da*, tied to a rock,
With ropes on her hands and her feet,
Was put, by her father, close down by the sea,
And left for the monster to eat.

Cassiopeia—3



But *Per*-seus, the brave, came and rescued the
maid,

By taking the sea monster's life,
And claimed, for reward, *An-drom-e-da*'s hand;
And she made him a dutiful wife.

Argus—1



Fair *I-o* to a cow was turned,
That she might be concealed
From *Ju-no*, who told *Ar-gus*
He must watch her in the field.

Argus—2



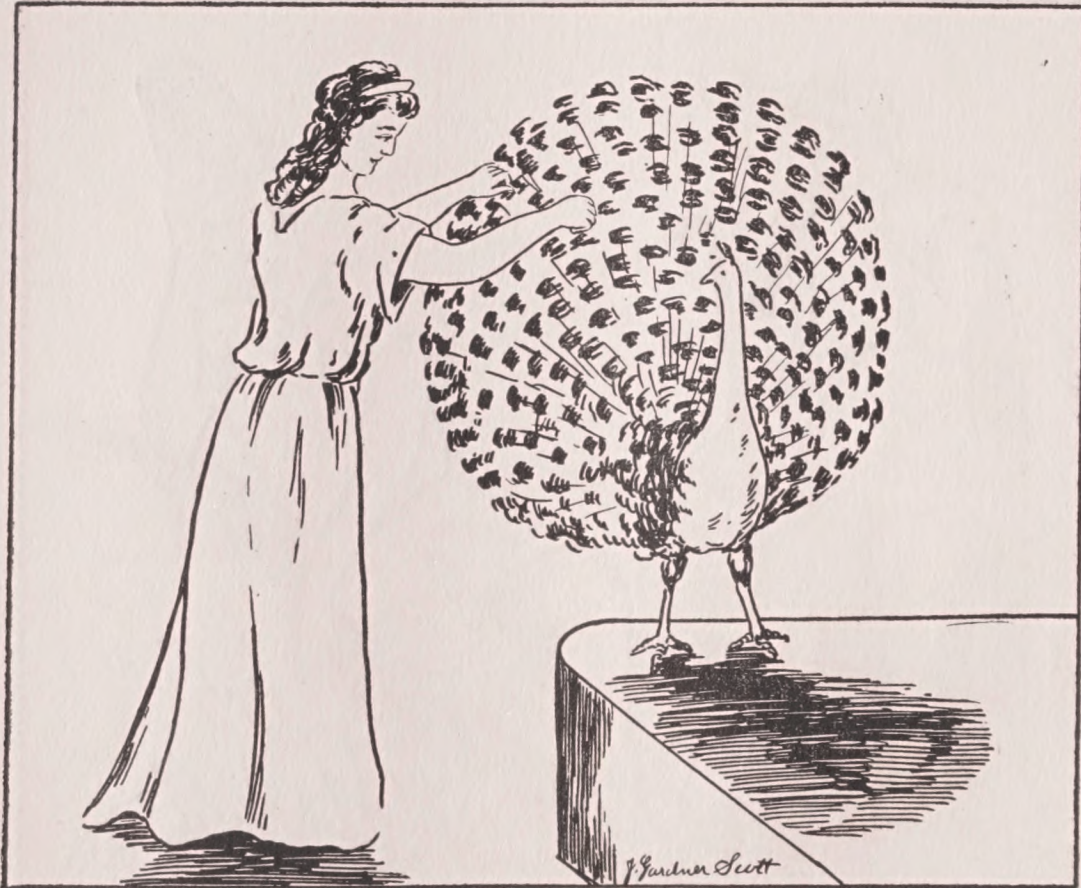
Now *Ar*-gus had a hundred eyes,
And no matter what he'd do,
He always watched with ninety-eight,
And never shut but two.

Argus—3



But *Mer-cu-ry* once came to him,
Like a shepherd in disguise,
And played such wondrous music,
Ar-gus shut his hundred eyes.

Argus—4



Then *Mer-cu-ry* cut off his head
And threw it on a rock;
And *Ju-no* put the hundred eyes
In the tail of her peacock.

Pan—1



Pan was a shepherd,
Who sat on the rocks,
And played on his flute
To quiet his flocks.

Pan—2



The Gauls came to Greece,
And thought him Satanic,
They fled in afright,
Which we call a "*Pan-ic*."

Actaeon and Diana—1



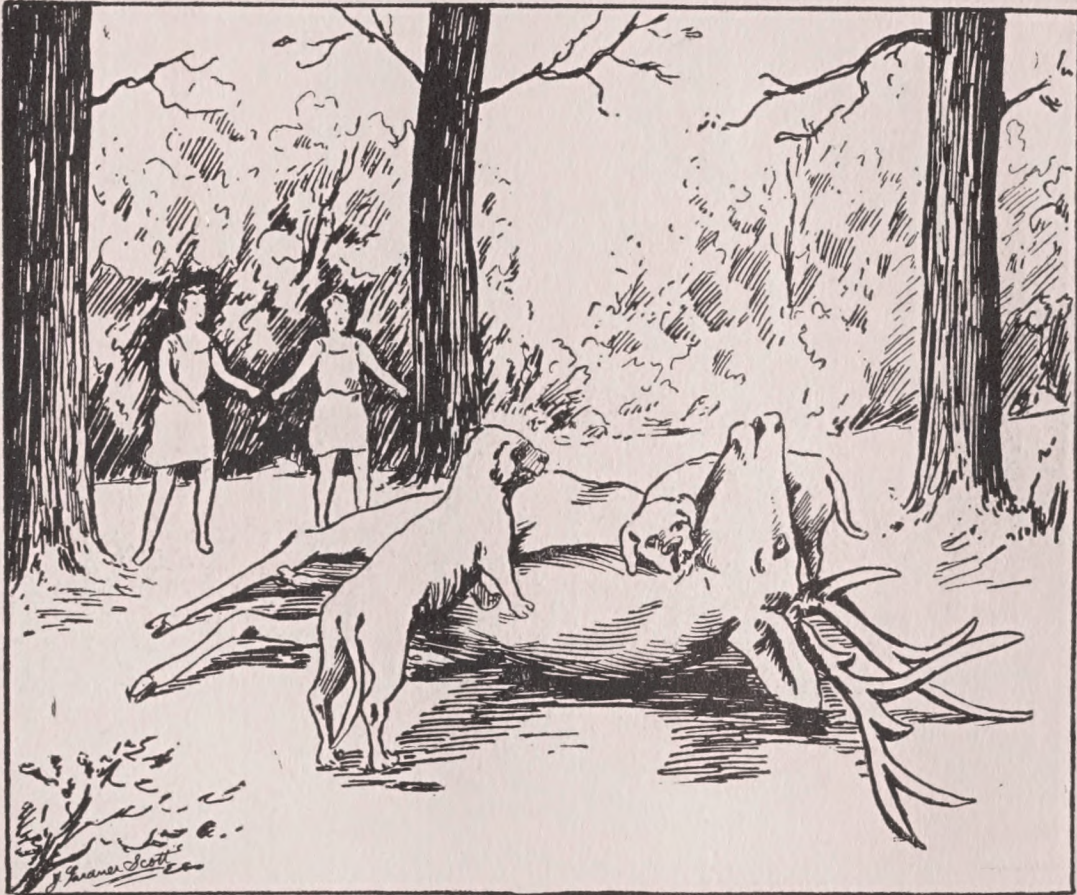
Ac-tae-on once, a hunter bold,
Grew tired of the chase,
And, seeking some secluded spot,
He saw a charming face.

Actaeon and Diana—2



Di-a-na, goddess of the moon,
Beheld him loitering near;
She threw some water in his face,
And turned him to a deer.

Actaeon and Diana—3



His own dogs chased him through the woods,
Where he in fear had fled,
And when his friends came in pursuit,
They found *Ac-tae-on* dead.

Pygmalion—I



Pyg-ma-li-on took ivory
And carved a lady fair;
He put rings upon her fingers,
And flowers in her hair.

Pygmalion—2



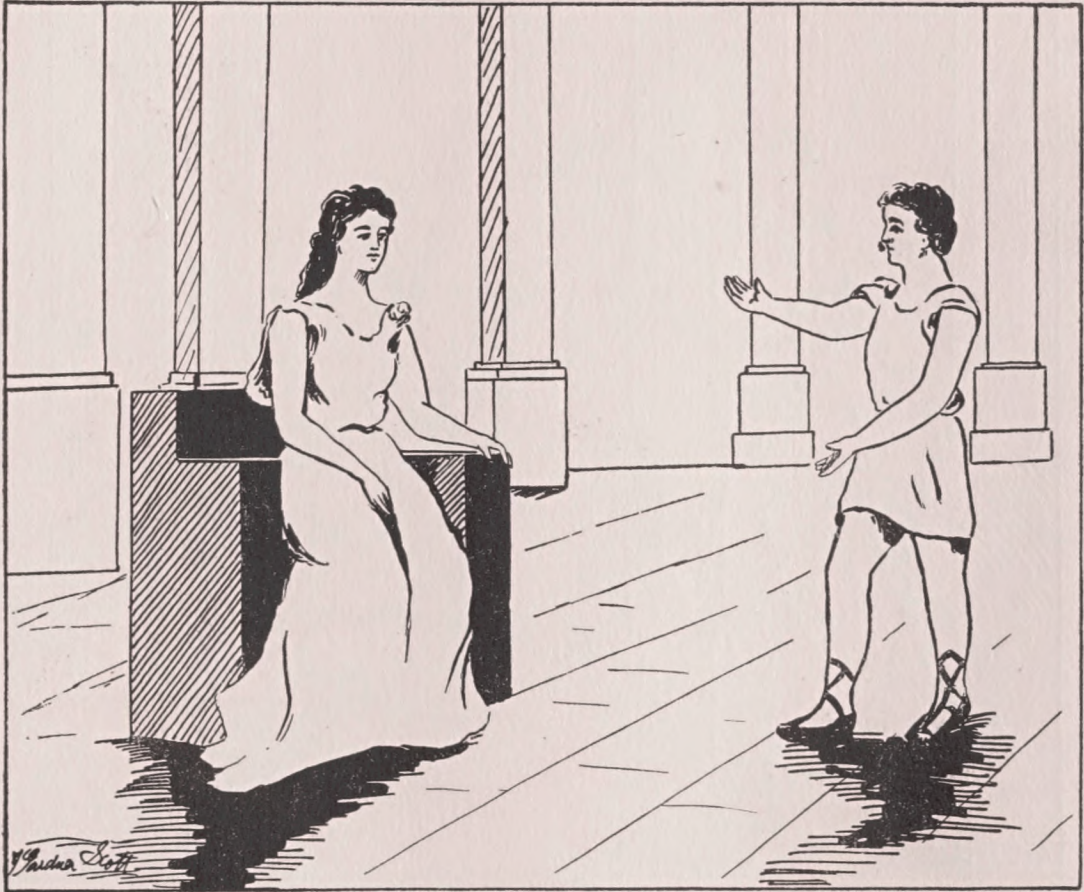
But *Ve-nus* smiled upon her
Until she came to life;
Pyg-ma-li-on then loved her so,
He took her for his wife.

Atalanta—1



At-a-lan-ta was a maid
That many lovers sought;
But she could run so very fast,
She never had been caught.

Atalanta—2



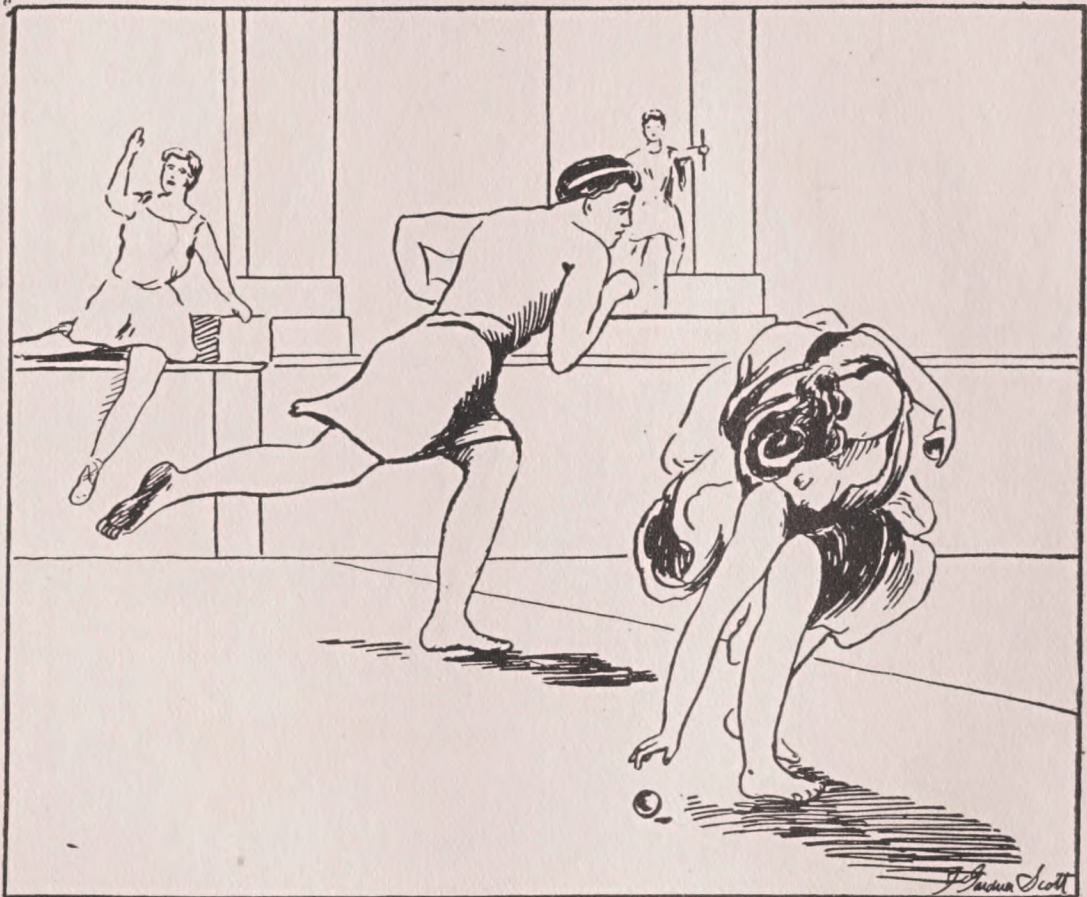
Hip-pom-e-nes said he would run
To win the lovely maid;
Tho' many lads had lost their lives,
Still he was not afraid.

Atalanta—3



Three golden apples he secured
From *Ve-nus* for the race,
And, as they ran, he first threw one
Before the lady's face.

Atalanta—4



She paused to seize the golden fruit,
Then quickly on did run;
But when he threw the other two,
She stopped and so he won.

Narcissus—1



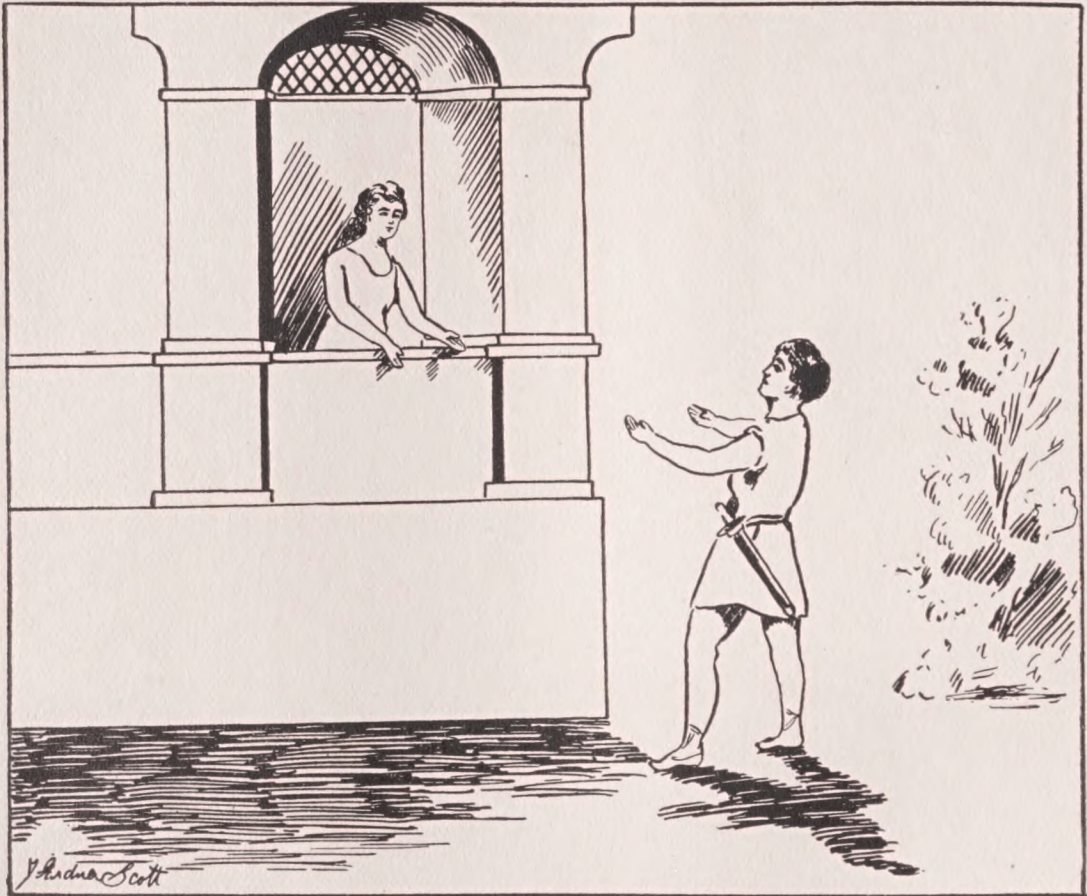
Nar-cis-sus sat upon the bank,
Down by the water clear,
And watched the image of himself,
And thought it very dear.

Narcissus—2



He smiled at it, and talked to it,
Until he pined and died;
Then turned into a flower, that grew
Down by the water side.

Pyramus and Thisbe—1



Pyr-a-mus loved *This-be*,
And *This-be* loved him, too;
So they went to meet each other,
Where the mulberries grew.

Pyramus and Thisbe—2



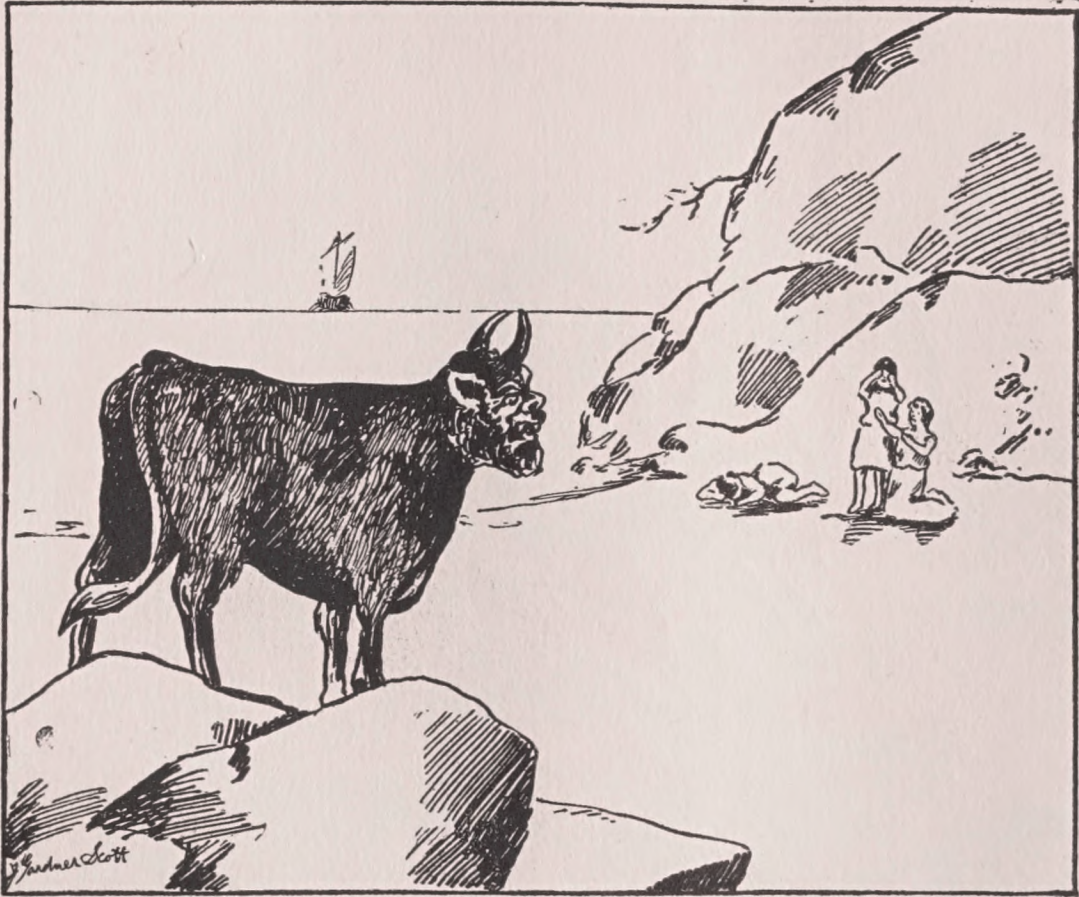
But *This*-be saw a lion
And dropped her veil and fled;
The veil was found by *Pyr*-a-mus,
Who thought poor *This*-be dead.

Pyramus and Thisbe—3



He quickly fell upon his sword
 (The berries all turned red),
Then *This*-be came and killed herself,
And so they both were dead.

The Minotaur—1



King *Mi*-nos kept a *Min*-o-taur,
Upon the isle of Crete,
And boys and girls were sent, each year,
From Greece, for him to eat.

The Minotaur—2



When *The*-seus, son of *Ae*-geus,
 Could lift a mighty stone,
With sword and shoes, from under it,
 He started out alone.

The Minotaur—3



At Greece, he took a black-sailed ship,
And sailed to Crete so far,
And A-ri-ad-ne helped him find
The fearful *Min-o-aur*.

The Minotaur—4



When he had killed the awful beast,
He sailed the ocean deep,
And left poor A-ri-ad-ne
On a lonely isle, asleep.

Niobe—1



Vain *Ni-o-be* had seven boys,
And seven little girls,
She thought them very pretty,
With their sunny eyes and curls.

Niobe—2



But La-to-na took them from her,
And left her all alone,
And made her tears flow on for years,
And turned her into stone.

Proserpina and Pluto—1



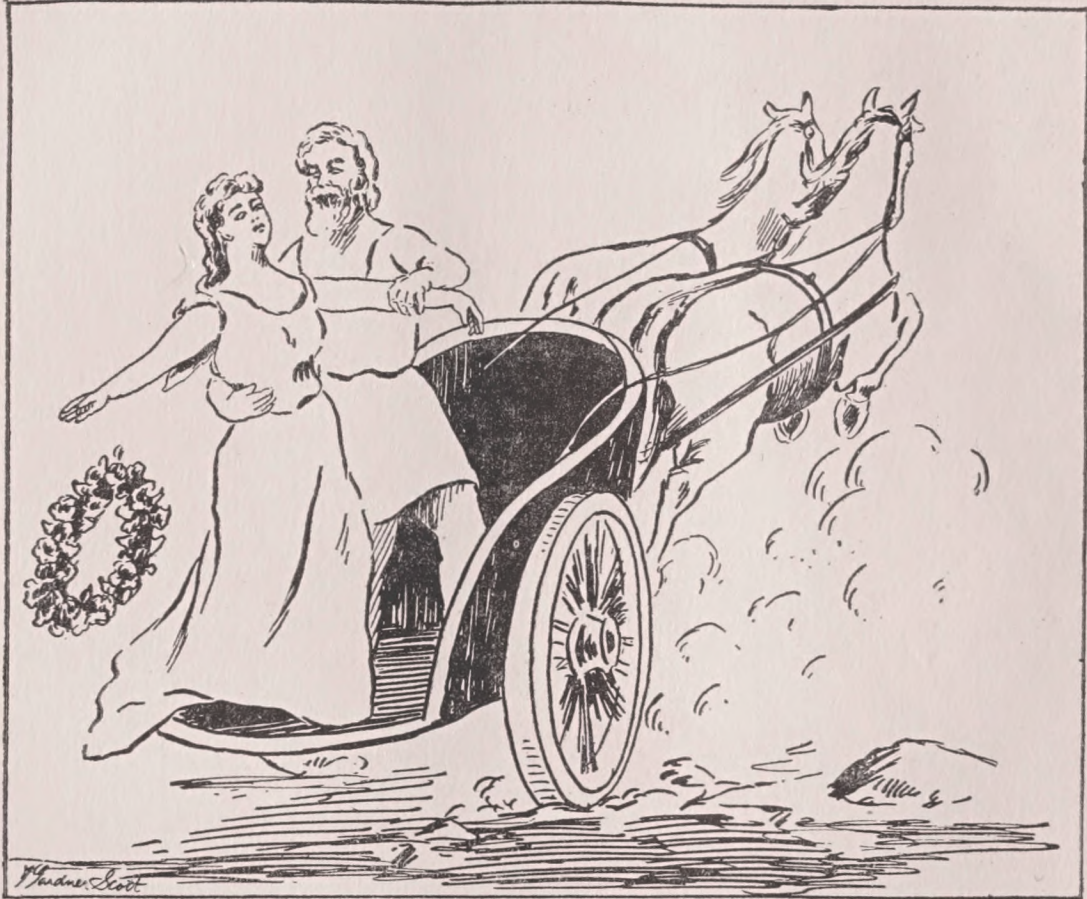
Pro-ser-pi-na played
By a lake, in the shade;
And a garland she made
Of bright flowers;

Proserpina and Pluto—2



Old *Plu*-to came by,
And the maiden did spy
On the grass, not yet dry,
From spring showers.

Proserpina and Pluto—3



So he took her away,
In the broad light of day,
Tho' she wanted to stay
It was clear.

Proserpina and Pluto—4



In the realms of the dead,
Old *Plu*-to she wed;
And she lives there in dread,
Half the year.

Endymion—1



The beauteous youth En-dym-i-on,
On Latmos fed his sheep;
The moon looked down one night, and found
The lovely boy asleep.

Endymion—2



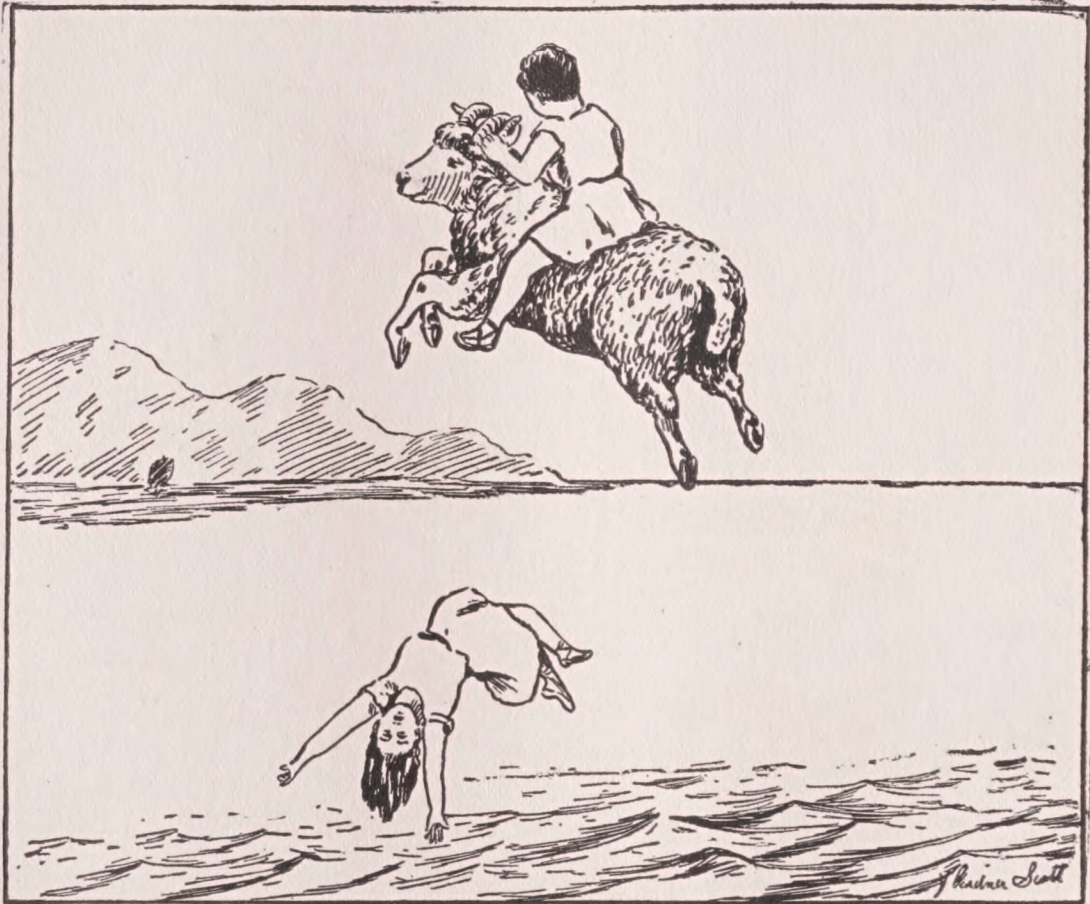
Di-a-na watched him while he slept,
And kept him safe from beasts,
And tho' he dreamed his life away,
His guarded flock increased.

The Golden Fleece—1



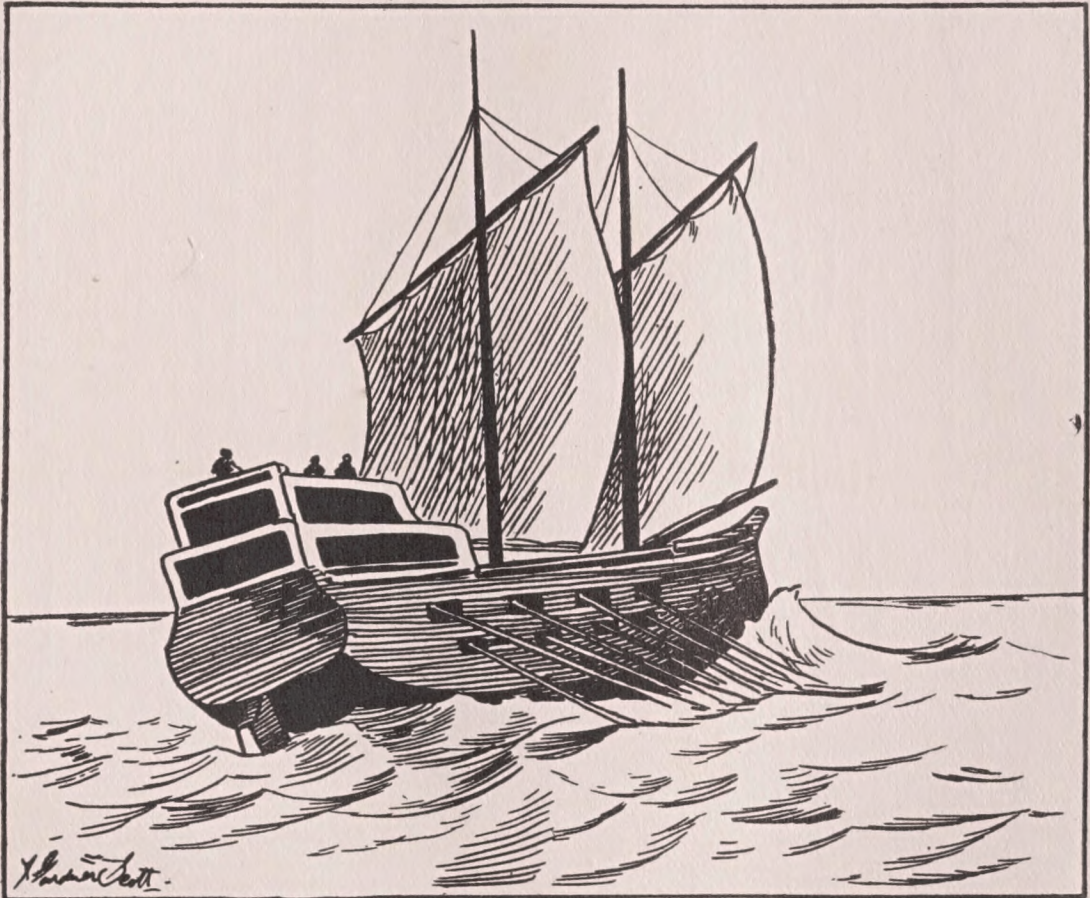
A little boy and a little girl,
Who lived in the land of Greece,
Got afraid one day, and rode away
On a ram, with a Golden Fleece.

The Golden Fleece—2



He flew right over a great big sea,
And the little girl fell in;
But the boy rode on to the other side,
Where he never yet had been.

The Golden Fleece—3



Then *Her-cu-les* and *Or-phe-us*
And other youths of Greece,
Made a great big boat and all went afloat,
In search of the "Golden Fleece."

Penelope—1



U-lys-ses chose Pe-nel-o-pe
To be his faithful wife;
And she had promised to be true
And love him all her life.

Penelope—2



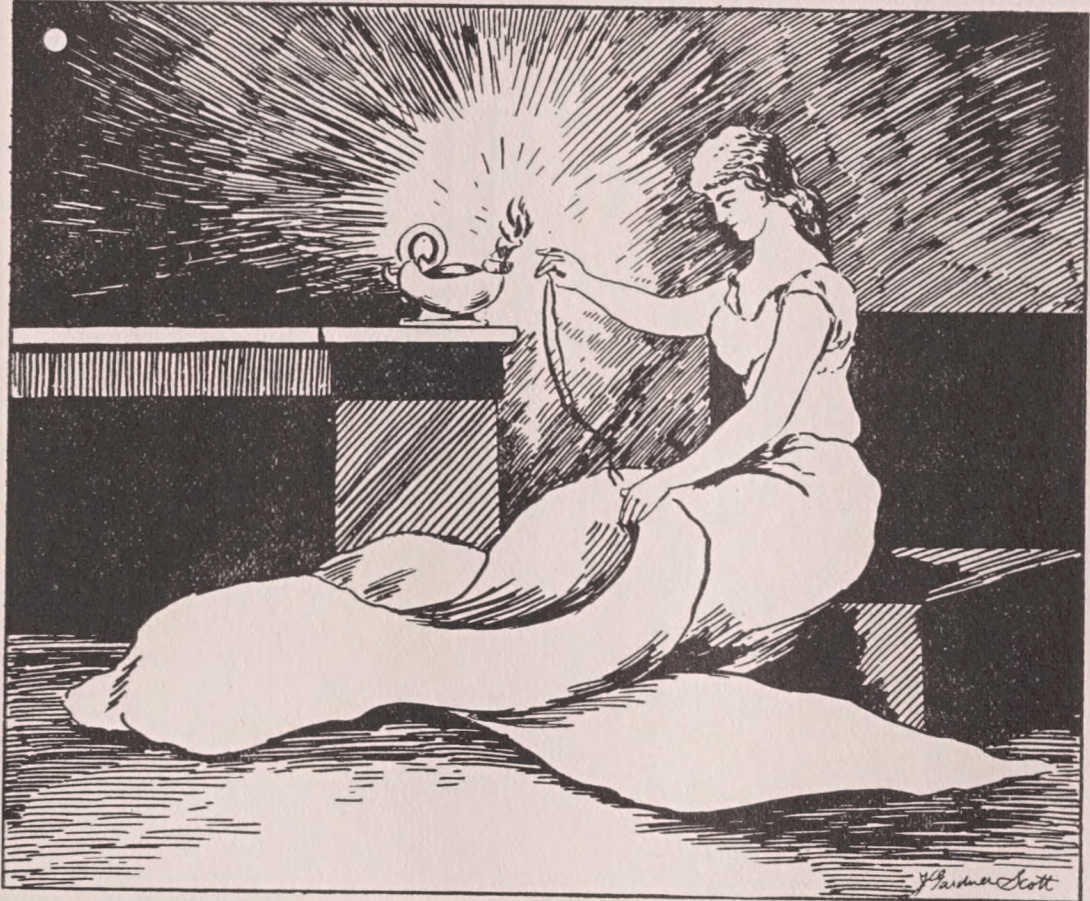
U-lys-ses left to go to war,
And staid for twenty years;
Pe-nel-o-pe was very sad
And shed most bitter tears.

Penelope—3



Then bad men told *Pe-nel-o-pe*
That she should break her troth;
She asked that she might finish first
A wondrous piece of cloth.

Penelope—4



The cloth was never finished, though
She worked with all her might,
For what she put in through the day,
She took out in the night.

Circe—1



In a palace on a hill,
Cir-ce lived ; she had such skill,
That if men once drank her wine
She could turn them into swine.

Circe—2



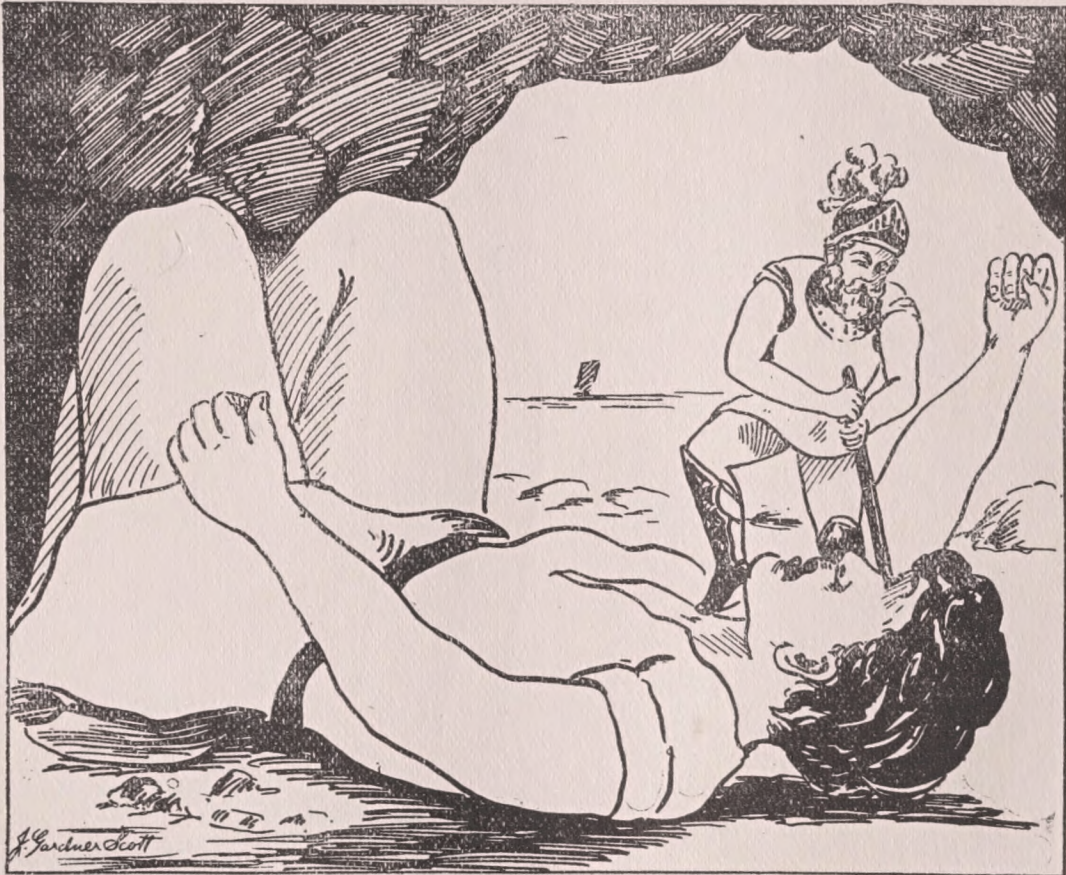
Brave U-lys-ses quickly made
This bad woman so afraid
That she said the *Sí-rens'* song
Should not make his ship go wrong.

Circe—3



Tho' U-lys-ses had no fears,
Yet he stopped the sailors' ears;
And they bound him to a mast,
Thus they all sailed safely past.

Circe—4



The *Cy*-clops, with his one fierce eye,
U-*lys*-ses stabbed, and then slipped by;
And after twenty years, did see
His faithful wife, *Pe-nel-o-pe*.

Echo—1



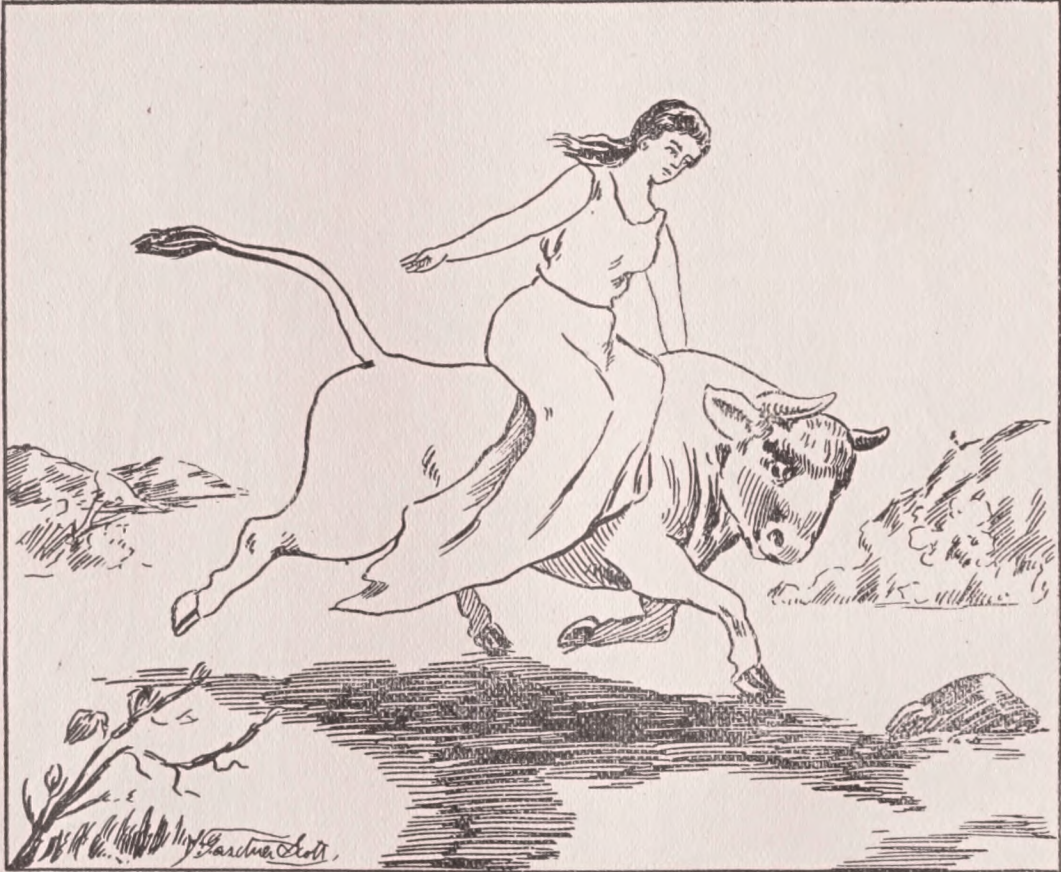
A fairy, named *Ech-o*,
Roamed woodland and hill;
She had a bad habit,
She would not be still.

Echo—2



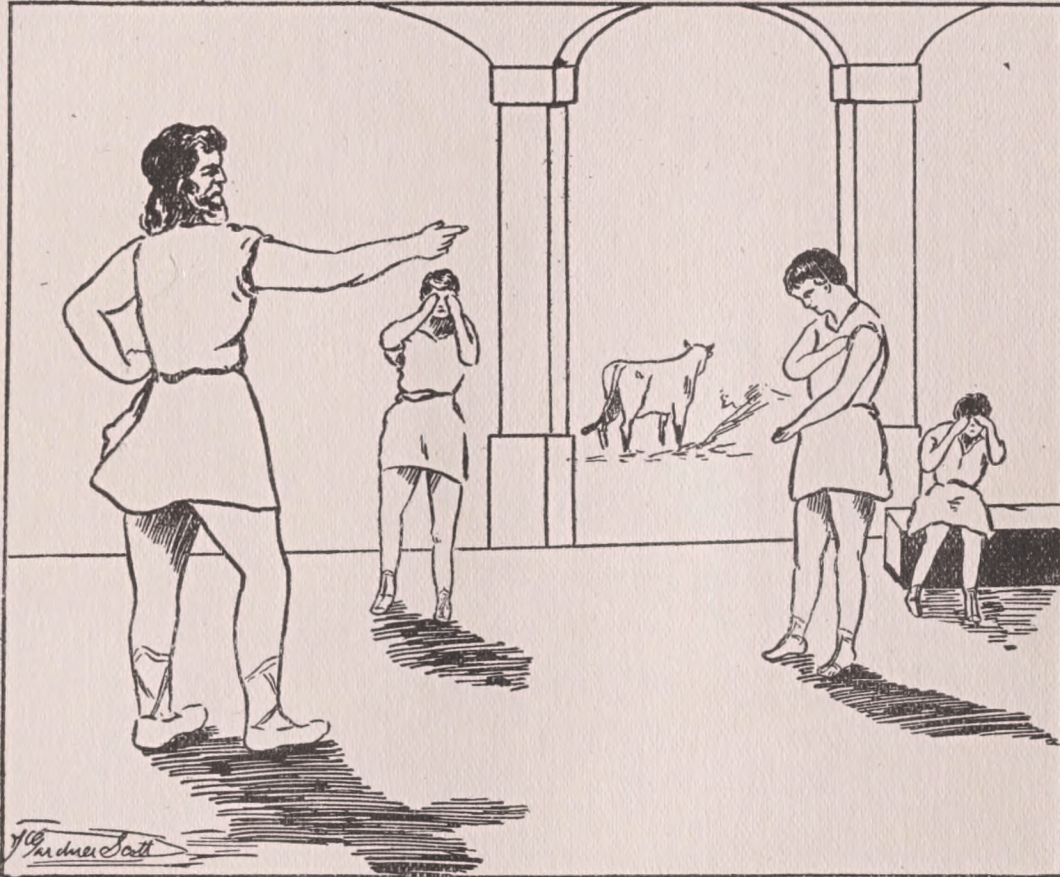
She made *Ve-nus* angry
And of all that she heard,
Ve-nus made her, forever,
Repeat the last word.

Cadmus—1



Eu-ro-pa sat down on the nice, grassy ground,
Her brothers went off to play ;
A white bull came by, with a kind, loving eye,
And carried Eu-ro-pa away.

Cadmus—2



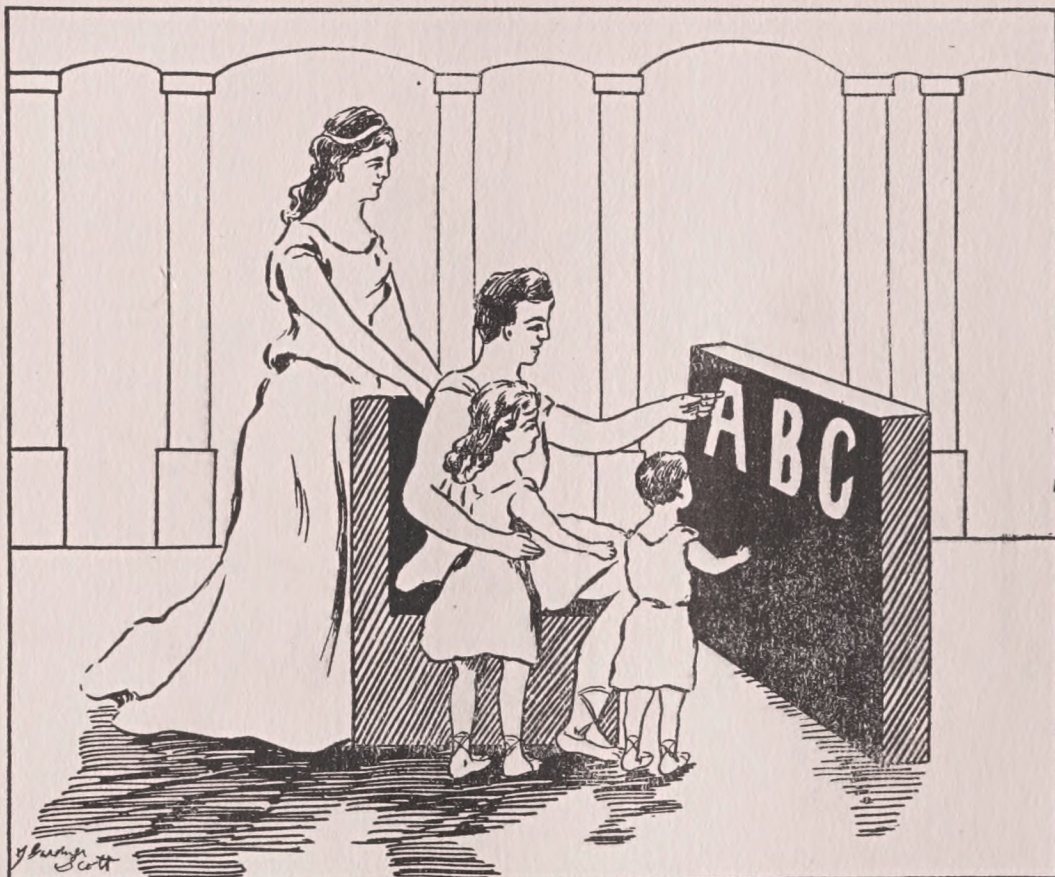
Her brothers were sad, her father was mad,
And ordered them all off to find her;
An old cow came by, which *Cad*-mus did spy,
So he followed along behind her.

Cadmus—3



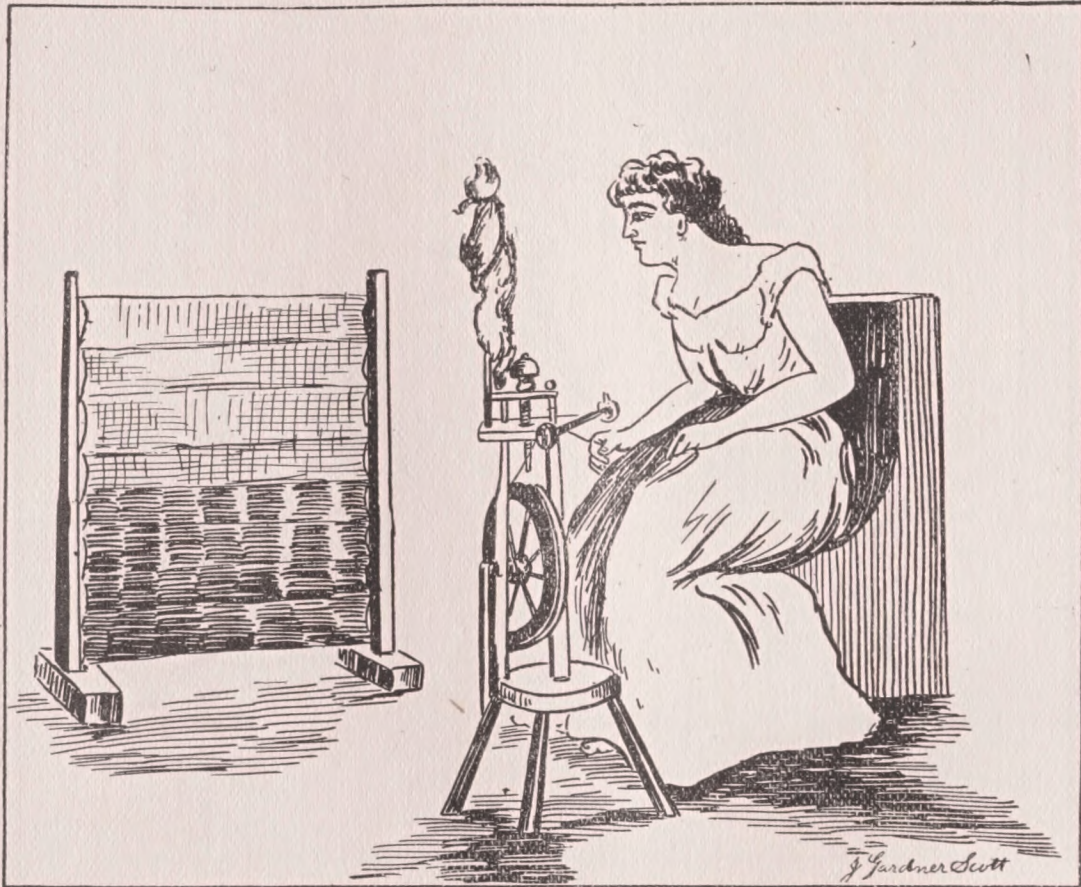
He followed all day, where the cow led the way,
So tired, it seemed a great pity;
Where the old cow lay down, he cleared off the
ground,
And afterwards built a great city.

Cadmus—4



A palace so grand, in the middle did stand,
Where he dwelt with Har-mo-ni-a contented;
And his children so wee, learned their own A,
B, C,
The letters which *Cad*-mus invented.

Arachne—1



A-rach-ne could weave;
 A-rach-ne could spin;
Which made her so vain,
 It was really a sin.

Arachne—2



Mi-*ner*-va then came to her,
First, just to chide her;
Then turned the vain girl
To a big ugly spider.

Pegasus—1



Up and up, and up and up,
I'm going up so high,
On my pony *Peg-a-sus*,
I'm riding to the sky.

Pegasus—2



He wears a golden bridle,
And drinks at fabled springs;
No one can overtake us now,
For *Peg-a-sus* has wings.

Bellerophon and the Chimaera—1



The dread Chi-mae-ra was a beast,
With fiery flames for breath;
I-ob-a-tes, the king, desired
That it be put to death.

Bellerophon and the Chimaera—2



Bel-ler-o-phon, a gallant youth,
Wished some brave deed to do;
So, mounting winged *Peg-a-sus*,
The frightful beast he slew.

Bellerophon and the Chimaera—3



This made him grow so haughty,
He was punished for his pride;
And, being thrown by *Peg-a-sus*,
Alone and blind, he died.

Pandora—1



A woman, named Pan-do-ra,
Came down from heaven afar;
With gifts for man, from Ju-pi-ter,
Who had put them in a jar.

Pandora—2



Pan-do-ra was so curious,
She opened up the lid,
To take a peep at all the things
That *Ju*-pi-ter had hid.

Pandora—3



She put the lid back on again
But, oh! it was a sin;
She had let out all the other gifts,
And only left hope in.

Midas—1



Mi-das was so greedy,
For riches he did yearn,
He wished whatever he should touch,
To solid gold would turn.

Midas—2



He touched his little girl,
It made her stiff and cold,
Because he had a “golden touch”
He turned his child to gold.

Midas—3



He wished to lose his “golden touch”
And wash away his sin,
So he sought *Pac-to-lus* river
And plunged his body in.

Midas—4



He took some water home with him
And poured it on his child;
She opened wide her sweet blue eyes,
And happily she smiled.

Charon



There's a man in a boat named *Cha*-ron,
A ferryman, old and grim.
There's a river Styx, black; but you'll never
come back,
If ever you cross it with him.

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